

Be thou asham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,
Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue
In a disguise of loue?

It is the lesser blot modestly findes,
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.

Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heuen, were man
But Constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th' sins;
Inconstancy falls-off, ere it begins:

What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Iulia's*, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close:

'Twere pittie two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Beare witness (heauen) I haue my wish for euer.

Is. And I mine.

Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.

Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the Duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thur. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thurio* giue backe; or else embrace thy death:

Come not within the measure of my wrath:

Doe not name *Silvia* thine: if once againe,

Verona shall not hold thee: heere she stands,

Take but possession of her, with a Touch:

I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.

Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:

I hold him but a foole that will endanger

His Body, for a Girl that loues him not:

I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou

To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,

And leaue her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,

And thinke thee worthy of an Emperesse loue:

Know then, I heere forget all former griefes,

Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,

Plead a new state in thy vn-rival'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,

Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,

Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deseru'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace, & gift hath made me happy.

I now beseech you (for your daughters sake)

To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.

Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall,

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:

Forgiue them what they haue committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their Exile:

They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,

And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)

Duke. Thou hast preuail'd, I pardon them and thee:

Dispoſe of them, as thou knowst their deserts.

Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,

With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold

With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.

What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)

Duke. I thinke the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.

Duke. What meane you by that saying?

Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd:

Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare

The story of your Loues discovered.

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,

One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to *Silvia*.

Valentine: } the two Gentlemen.

Protheus: } the two Gentlemen.

Antonio: father to *Protheus*.

Thurio: a foolish riuall to *Valentine*.

Eglamore: Agent for *Silvia* in her escape.

Host: where *Iulia* lodges.

Out-lawes with *Valentine*.

Speed: a clownish seruant to *Valentine*.

Launce: the like to *Protheus*.

Panthion: seruant to *Antonio*.

Iulia: beloved of *Protheus*.

Silvia: beloved of *Valentine*.

Lucetta: waighting-woman to *Iulia*.

FINIS.

THE



THE Merry Wines of Windsor

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iustice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Euans, Master Page, Falstoffs, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Anne Page, Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Page, Simple.

Shallow.
Ir Hugh, perswade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *Iohn Falstoffs*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow* Esquire. (Coram.

Slender. In the County of *Glocester*, Iustice of Peace and *Shal.* I (Cosen *Slender*) and *Cust-alorum*.

Slender. I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himselfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time these three hundred yeres.

Slender. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowfes doe become an olde Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Loue.

Shal. The Lufe is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an olde Coate.

Slender. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Nor a whit.

Euans. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple coniectures; but that is all one: if Sir *Iohn Falstoffs* haue committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonements and compromises betweene you.

Shal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euans. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your vi'a-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o my life, if I were yong againe, the sword should end it.

Euans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another deuice in my praine, which peraduenture prings goot discretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slender. *Mistresse Anne Page*? she has browne haire, and speakes small like a woman.

Euans. It is that ferry you will desire, and feare and Gold, and Silver, is bed, (Got deliuer to a i she is able to ouertake se goot motion, if we leaue desire a marriage betweene *Anne Page*.

Slender. Did her Grand pound? *Euans.* I, and her fat *Slender.* I know the you gifts. *Euans.* Seuen hundred goot gifts. *Shal.* Wel, let vs see h *Euans.* Shall I tell you doe despise one that is fa true: the Knight Sir *Iohn ruled by your well-wille *Page.* What hoa? Got- *Mr. Page.* Who's the *Euans.* Here is got's p *Rice Shallow*, and heere y uentures shall tell you a your likings. *Mr. Page.* I am glad thanke you for my Ven *Shal.* Master *Page*, I doe it your good heart: was ill kill'd: how doth you alwaies with my he *Mr. Page.* Sir, I thanke *Shal.* Sir, I thanke yo *Mr. Pa.* I am glad to *Slender.* How do's your say he was out-run on *Mr. Pa.* It could not *Slender.* You'll not con *Shal.* That he will no 'tis a good dogge. *Mr. Pa.* A Cur, Sir. *Shal.* Sir: hee's a go be more said? he is goo heere? *Mr. Pa.* Sir, hee is w good office be tweene y *Euans.* It is spoke as: *Shal.* He hath wron *Mr. Pa.* Sir, he doth i*